Misc. D.C. Notes, 11/22/71 9:45 p.m.

Garrison marked the eighth anniversary of the assassination with an arraignment in local court on the charge he had brought against himself and his co-defendants in the federal suit, before the judge who had left the bench to run again Garrison in 1969, and with counsel for co-defendants including a wide variety of local legal talent, beginning with Dymond, who had tried the case for the Shaw defense. As special prosecutor Judge O'Hara appointed Ben Smith, who I have known for some time and had seen Friday (properly, although knowing, he had not told me). Smith is a strange switch to be a special prosecutor because he has long been assailed by the right as a red. (He had long been a target of both Leadner Perez' because he had handled cases for their black enemies.

I had taken time off from work with the city directory to go into the court at 10 a.m. Sitting in the same row was Rosemary James, who pretended she did not know me. As she left, recalling her enmity for Garrison and the knifing he had given O in NO when the paper assigned her to it (she killed any story), I asked her, Rosemary, tell me, is it plot of politics? She didn't answer and obviously didn't appreciate the point of the question.

Had a long lunch with Jesse Core, which grew into a longer one than either of us had expected. He re-confirmed, after the Shaw trial, what he had told me before it, that Lloyd Cobb had fired Shaw. When we were talking about this a friend of his, Charlie Gresham (whose mother had been a Philadelphia Chew and obviously is high society and was very pleasant and witty) joined us, accompanied by a Mrs. Pitts, whose current preoccupation as chairman of the Auburn alumni is preparing for the Sugar Bowl. This ended such conversation. But prior to that Jesse also told me again that the second man with Oswald was a 200-pounder, and he again recalled Steele's shorts. What he had not told me before is that the second ran fled as soon as Jesse started hollering and cursing. Jesse was concerned about the image of his client, the IRS, whose name would have been in every TV picture, especially because only a short while earlier the extreme right had picketed the International House when it had flown the Yugoslav flag on the occasion of the visit of a trade delegation. He also recalled that within a couple of days of the assassination he had gone to WDSU (whose taping facilities he regularly uses for his clients) and had seen the Dohann Rush footage. He is pretty certain that at that time he was in it and he is absolutely certain that when he was complaining the TV crew or crews were there, the reason for the loudness of his complaint and the flight of the unknown one.

Gresham has a deal of some kind cooking with Meyer Lansky on some kind of coffee-making process. He regards Lansky as more than just the possessor of $300,000,000 (right) but also as a gracious host and considerate companion when they travelled together. (We lunched at the Commander's Palace, on Washington St., a couple of blocks toward the river from St. Charles, beginning 15 minutes beofre the 12:30 date for which we were both early

Saw Dean Andrews for about an hour ending 6 p.m. As always, it is hard to tell when Dean is kidding, serious or knows what he is talking about. He says someone at the New York Times besides Martin Waldron has a considerable interest in the King/Ray case and is impressed by similarities in the assassinations. Claims not to recall name. He also says he has been visited by English writers working on the subject, and that they are or are among the sources of what he describes as excellent reporting on the case in East Germany, which is not consistent with his claim to not recalling the use there or the medium. On the question of importers of narcotics into this area from Canada. He also said that beginning in 1962-3 blacks had an absolute monopoly. The Cubans had not yet taken over, as they have, he says, helped by a few murders. ~~KXX~~ ("by killing a couple of people.")

Harry Wheeler, who handles narcotics cases in the DA's office, says they are just becoming aware of importations from Canada. He referred me to Henry Stako, N.O.P.D. Narc. Squad, inside number 822-3001.

Marie Martin (nee Stein) is back and I'm getting her address. She has refused to talk to Gerold Frank.

Saw Sal Panzeca of the Wegmann law firm after 6, Room 2601 2106 American Bank Bldg., 200 block Carondelet, 524-2206 (home 242-4648, 8623 Castle Court. It was a friendly meeting that left me without reason to believe he was lying when he said what didn't seem probable, such as their not getting any federal help and the claim to have longer for it (he made no real response when I told him that I have Clark's statement made, it says, at Wegmann's request). We discussed certain aspects of the assassination and of the Shaw case. He was impressed by Finck, for example, and believes him an honest man. I gave him reason to doubt.

He had been involved in the Shaw case by accident only and he wound up doing all the behind the scenes work. It was, he says, for this reason: he had not intended to be involved in it and didn't want to, preferring the kind of thing he usually does, which requires travel, which he enjoys. But a friend who is also a friend of Garrison's told him Jim had described him as an "insignificant little Dago bastard." Sal is little, but he burned big. He had more than he used, had laid several traps in case needed (not explained), but he really enjoyed recalling them, and he had much more on Russo than he had used. He pointed to a phone book and said he had a file of notes and preparations that thick. It was about Russo that I had wanted to see him. He is as certain as I am that Russo was at least present at one of Oswald's literature distributions and as willing to believe the relationship may have been closer (but not at Ferrie's).

By a coincidence, Sal had seen Oswald. He had a case in municipal court at the time of Oswald's.

Sal is as certain as I that there was another at the FPCC distribution, and he adds more. He has a source who wants not to get involved, one who got a handbill from both the or a Canal distribution and that at the FPCC. He describes the third man as large, 200 lbs., Latin, but not typically Cuban or Mexican, with curly hair.

Sal says they are serious about the civil suit and I told him that I think he may bump into trouble he would not anticipate from the criminal, that Shaw did perjure himself. I told him about the firing, not the rest.

Orestes Pena had told me that his former lawyer, Johnny Iamboralla, had the names of the FBI agents who had hassled him and gave me permission to get them from him., who he said was working for Garrison, denied in the office. After leaving Sal's office I went to the Habana and learned he had been in an accident that had virtually demolished his $9,000 Caddy. Knowing he would be inclined to connect a genuine accident with an effort to get him, I asked where he was. The barmaid said he had brought his wife back from the hospital and they were upstairs. I told her not to call him, fearing they might be resting. I drove back to the motel, only to learn that he had just phoned and had phoned earlier after the accident. I phoned, asked if he'd like me to go over, and he said yes. I got stopped for the first time in N.O. by a (very nice) xxxx cop, apparently running a stop sign at Iberville and Exchange Alley and at Chartres. Both seem unlikely, but I have no way of proving I didn't. I was held up on Exchange Alley, as was the car ahead of me, when the police tow truck towed another car away. The two of us could not have been going at all fast into Iberville, which is narrow (Exchange Alley very narrow), and on Iberville I was behind a garbage truck which blocked the entire street, so I suspect the other car had gotten out in front of it and I had failed to, which means a real stop. It took close to 7-10 minutes for me to go the next two blocks as the trashmen collected all that accumulation from so many business places, the truck then pausing when its maw was filled to consume the take with some kind of compression device built into it. And I certainly know that all the cross-streets in the Quarter are full stops. The cop started to write a ticket and then decided against it, saying that in case I'd be jailed, that being the N.O. law! It is not that I am certain I did not run two stops, for I can't be, but I am confident that in each case the situation was against it, so I wonder.

Pena had been hit by an old car with three occupants, only one of whom was held, when it made an illegal left turn when he was taking his wife (young, pregnant, Puerto) grocery shopping. The driver was in the air force had had a license that expired in 1966.

In my earlier notes there is a reference to a Greek. Costa. He says was killed in

NYC 2-3 months ago. In his mind all these people are connected with the assassination, apparently through knowledge of things that happened or he thinks happened in that block when Mic was in N.O. After I got into his quarters and we had chatted for a while and he had called and said he believed there was no connection with his accident, but didn't one wonder when it was connected with my visit and it had been preceded by what he regarded as a pretext FBI visit?, he reminded me of the death of his cook of the past and of others, including two barmaids, especially Amanda, who he gave another name to but in the FBI reports is, I think, given as Jarvis.

He had told me Sunday that he still believes the JFK assassination was by Cubans, and he is and has always been anti-Batista and regards those who were in the CIA operations as among the worst and those who would never have been followed by decent Cubans. He had said he regarded one known as "El Guajiro" as an/the assassin. He had done some further checking, knowing the wife of one, and said this: El G is Juan Caballero, who is either also known as or has a brother Ilario or Italio. El G. is or was last reported (or thinks he may have reached his ultimate reward) in Hunesville, Texas jail for a Houston (rifle) killing. It is, he says, a correction jail. El G's wife in Rosa Lare, 2216 Dauphine, who was frightened and moved in with a friend at 820 Elysian Fields Ave. A.P. saw her once and after that she clammed up.

If I didn't note it earlier, when I saw David Chandler Saturday a.m. he got out his contemporaneous notes of the period of the King assassination, of which he will send me copies. He is also going to visit me in about a month. His notes have some strange entries, with no sources attributed, and after this time he can't recall them. He is certain Barbara Reid is not one. One of the suspects was a Doctor Brennan, another Clint Wheat and another Lou Davis, described as a member of the NOLF. (JHR had claimed to me that he knew nobody named Davis or Davies, and G's info is that the FBI was looking for a Davies.)

Further notes on pictures, those taken at Joseph and Chestnut yesterday. There is an ~~after~~ offset at Chestnut going downtown (toward Canal) on Joseph. I took pictures of both corners and a number of houses nearby, showing some cars and their licenses. Parked behind the house with the large cedar and smooth-barked tree whose name I've forgotten was La.183B190. A sportscar whose license can't show in the pix was parked around the corner, on the right side. The picture-taking attracted a little interest, a couple of housewives, so I developed an interest in the trees I was photographing. (Those with dead blooms are Japanese Golden Rain, which were killed down and grew again once when the temperature got down to 14 degrees, which seems to be a local record.) At the house with the car behind it the woman had just been given a freshly-killed wild duck of a species whose breast only is edible. As the woman who had delivered it in a large grocery bag drew off, she expressed herself as less than happy with all the work of dressing for that breast only. This is a decent, mid-to-class neighborhood.

I checked with one of the DA's investigators on the wisdom of selecting such addresses as St. Joseph and Carondelet and the area of the docks/warehouses for a rendezvous, and he said it would be foolish because it is known that the police watch that area closely because it is attractive to crooks and populated by winos. He said a public park or a bar would be better, safer and much wiser. Makes sense.